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# B I L L Y B R A S S:

A

## POLITICAL HUDIBRASTIC.

To check the growth of these domestic spoilers,  
That make us slaves, and tell us, 'tis Our Charter !

OTWAY.

---

L O N D O N.

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## B I L L Y B R A S S, &c.

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### The A R G U M E N T.

SIR Billy Brass, his *puffing* worth,

The manner how he *sally'd* forth :

His *pride* and *ignorance* are shown,

His *father's foibles* and his own.

Th' adventure of the CHARTER'D RIDDLE,

Is fung---nor breaks off in the middle.

---

WHEN late Prerogative grew high,  
And men fell out, we all know why ;

Sir

Sir Billy Brass, a youth of Gotham,  
 Who *smuggled* on his father's bottom;  
 Sneer'd proudly pert, "I see a hit!  
 " For I alone to rule am fit,  
 " 'Cause I was CHRISTEN'D BILLY PIT!"

As the old serpent Eve did gull,  
 So Billy Brass did good John Bull;  
 For John, tho' stor'd with much good sense,      10  
 Is oft the dupe of impudence ;  
 Having an unsuspecting heart,  
 He has been trick'd by Billy's art,  
 Whose language flow'd so fine and fast,  
 John was as wise at first as last ;      15  
 Yet those fine speeches, smooth as fattin,  
 Pleas'd him like Boniface's Latin ;  
 He vow'd they all were wond'rous good,  
 Tho' they're not all yet understood !

So fast they came!—plain John did stare,  
As at fire-eater in a fair.

Then our young Solon and Lycurgus,  
Of all our ailments doom'd to purge us;

Cried out to drooping old Britannia,

“ Ma’am, swallow my ipiquana !

“ I’m the sage boy to give a glyster !

“ I’ll cleanse you, *dexter et sinister* !

“ For I’m *intuitively* born,

“ With every art than can adorn ;

“ And all your former strength restore—

“ I’m *modest*!—else I’d say much more!”

Britannia ey’d Sir Billy Brafs,

As DEVON’s Duchefs would an afs;

But John, her mate, who loves new faces

Too well, which causes her disgraces ;

Insisted that the boy was clever,

Because he thought so—*d--n his liver!*

Whene'er John bellows out an oath,  
 He's fix'd as fate, and very wroth ;  
 Therefore Britannia did submit, 40  
 To let John bring in Billy Pit.  
 Not so the ancient youth did meet,  
 With such success in Grecian street ;  
 For, being stopt by the wise sage,  
 When he was in politic rage, 45  
 Who ask'd him whether did he run ?  
 " To save the State !---or its undone ?"  
 " 'Tis I must govern !---I must rule !" 50  
 The sage then smil'd, and ask'd the fool,  
 " If that to govern you're design'd,  
 " No doubt, you've polish'd well your mind ?"  
 " Are you well study'd in finance ?" 55  
 The silly youth now star'd askance.  
 The sage went on, " You know our stores,  
 " Our navy, army, strength and fores ?" 55  
 " The

" The views and int'rest of our allies ?  
 " Who jars with us ? and all who tallies ?  
 " In war you're skill'd in raising force ;  
 " In peace you can increase resource ;  
 " You certainly know ev'ry stop, 60  
 " And ev'ry wheel, and ev'ry prop ;  
 " That can invig'rate, and make great,  
 " Our vast complex machine of state ?  
 " Your skill's not vague, but most minute ?  
 " You know 'twon't do, unless acute ?" 65  
 A pause ensu'd---the youth replied,  
 With modest coolness, look'd aside---  
 " I really never pass'd a thought,  
 " So nice on these things as I ought !  
 " All my ideas are a mass 70  
 " Unform'd ! confus'd ! " ---like *Billy Brass* !  
 The sage advis'd him to return,  
 The youth obey'd, with shame did burn.

But

But Billy is of the *parrot* kind,  
 With florid speech, and flimsy mind; 75  
 Well stor'd with proud impertinence,  
 Which pafs on fools for solid fense ;  
 He long has trick'd, like signs of cits,  
 With " *Billy Brass, LATE William Pitt's;*"  
 And means to cheat us by a name, 80  
 Out of our money, health, and fame.  
 The vapid words at his tongue's top,  
 Show-windows to his tinsel shop,  
 Have all Great Britain taken in,  
 To use the trash that sparks within: 85  
 He wants deep knowledge, wants fine art,  
 And, what is worse, he wants a heart !  
 But sure he's done Great Britain good,  
 By stirring up her settled blood ;  
 And, to prevent serene stagnation, 90  
 Promotes a copious circulation :

Opens

Opens with freedom her *right arm*,  
 To foster Ireland's vain alarm !  
 What matter tho' to her we give  
 Most of the blood by which we live ?                            95  
 Sir Billy Brass, knows *our disease*  
 Is *too much health*! --- he's giv'n us *teas*,  
 Instead of roast beef and strong ale,  
 To make us *delicate* and *pale* !  
 Like all-ey'd Fame, we'd *too much light*,                            100  
 He's *made us blind*, t'improve our sight !  
 And giv'n us a much *denser air*,  
 To make us *languishingly fair* ;  
 But should that fail to grim each chop  
 Of florid check, he's tax'd our *soap*:                            105  
 And linen now shall rival lace,  
 In colour like each saffron face.  
 He vows we should not be more white  
 Than Malagrida in twilight.  
 He that, to give us a dog's ease,                                    110  
 Would yield our foes whate'er they please !

Nocturnal work we must not handle ; ---  
 'Twill spoil our eyes --- he's tax'd each candle.  
 To clothe our fair in garments rough,  
 He's tax'd their *linen* and *cotton stuff*. 115  
 Their *ribbons*, *silk*, and British *gauze*,  
 Which gains the ladies loud applause.  
 As Malagrida's given our fur-trade  
 To grateful Yankies, *bats* shan't be made,  
 Without they're *stamp'd*, to cheapen pelt ; --- 120  
 Brax loves no poll-tax should be *felt*,  
 To drive corruption from the state,  
 He's laid a tax on *silver plate*.  
 And, hating all friends of Peg --- asus,  
 For he's not fond of horse but *asses*, 125  
 He's tax'd Job's creature, cloth'd with thunder,  
 Who'd spoken, but for Nature's blunder.  
 But what is speech? An ass once chatted,  
 And has not Billy Br---As, too, prated?  
 But horses have a greater mind, 130  
 They bear the burdens of mankind ;

Britannia,

Britannia, pillion'd or astraddle,  
Must pay for beast that bears her saddle.  
We do not mean her good Vicegerent,  
For he's a worthy paid inherent ;      135  
He means well, but he wants the way  
To keep her running oft astray.  
He'll cherish any *knaves* that venture,  
With *lantern dark*, like John the Painter,  
T' inflame his good and solid brain      140  
With bugbears, for the hope of gain :  
And Bill Brass is, 'cause not a lew'd buck,  
*His Jenkinson's own real Goodluck!*  
Who strives to purge Britannia's isle,  
To pristine clay, from *brick* and *tile*.      145  
T' encourage bow and arrow's fun,  
He's tax'd the modern murd'ring *gun*:  
He'll bring us to each ancient manner,  
When Briton's fought 'gainst Cæsar's banner ;  
When they went naked, cold and painted,      150  
For which posterity them sainted ;

And

And thus to please the present age,  
 Prevent their envy, and their rage,  
 Bill Brass will shave us smooth's a razor,  
 From food, house, clothes, like Neb'chadnezzar, 155  
 Who went so naked chewing grafts,  
 His maids of honour saw his a---.  
 Altho' this fact may be disputed,  
 It cannot now be well confuted,  
 But by the bishops and their wives, 160  
 Or all that lead such godly lives.  
 Oh, had our modern maids been there,  
 Blushing thro' fans, how they'd all stare!  
 Had he hoof'd the park, these vestal dames,  
 Peeping from sanctify'd St. James, 165  
 Would all have fainted in the ring,  
 And vow'd he was a beastly king,  
 Naked and rough as January,  
 Like Ch---dley's *Plenipotentiary*?  
 But sigh'd in secret for the rogue!--- 170  
 As they rail'd at Colman's epilogue,

Because

Because too delicate and chaste,  
For lewd depravity to taste.

Sir Billy Brass return'd from Cam,  
With the meek wisdom of a lamb : 175  
Not liking Lincoln's Inn short commons,  
Unskill'd in any thing of womans ;  
This Epicene, a spaniel thorough,  
Fawn'd to mean L---le for a borough :  
But then, to filch a reputation, 180  
He damn'd all boroughs in the nation !  
And afterwardss when North resign'd,  
To the pure Marquis not inclin'd,  
Brass shew'd his youthful cloven hoof,  
By keeping from such worth aloof; 185  
And that the Treas'ry he might storm,  
This calf bawl'd loud for a reform :  
Still some of John Bull's real friends,  
Whose wisdom saw man's deepest ends,  
Fearing this tinsel, tiny wit, 190  
Might prove in time John's fell *death's Pit*,

Warn'd him 'gainst Billy Brass---in vain !  
 Tho' he oppos'd the Marquis' reign.  
 As Shakespeare says, whoe'er times tide,  
 Is sure in affluence to ride ;      195  
 So Bill, by truckling to the voice  
 Of Folly's whim, and Fashion's choice,  
 Perch'd on the shoulders of the people,  
 Like a Jack-daw on Paul's vast steeple.

When Rockingham's true patriot soul,  
 Went to its ever-blessed goal,  
 Fair Malagrida, just and wise,  
*Tho' no man e'er could trust him twice,*  
 Posted to Windsor, filch'd his place,  
 And gave to *treachery a grace!*      205  
 (But of these matters more anon :)  
 As minds by sympathy are won,  
 Sir Billy Brass of soul congenial,  
 Clung to this best---or *worst*---state menial;

And both to war soon put an end,

210

*By sacrificing ev'ry friend! ---*

This reciprocity so wide!

So wise, so good! --- *on t'other side! ---*

Was never granted to a state,

Unless by Billy Brass of late,

215

Who offers unto Ireland, *all*

*Our trade---to save us from downfall!*

But Malagrida having giv'n,

That peace, *by which his friends have thriv'n,*

With humble honours then retir'd,

220

While Billy Brass his place desir'd.

Then T----w black, like fairer devil,

Tempting this Saviour to do evil,

Took him on top of mount St. Stephen's,

And shew'd him all the under heav'ns!

225

The golden Treas'ry! sweet St. James!

And all the riches round the Thames!

Says

Says T-----w, " These I'll give to thee !  
If you will Old Britannia free  
Of ev'ry dress that's gay and great,                            230  
And change her to her pristine state !"  
Then Billy Brass, for forty days,  
Stood on this glorious, giddy maze,  
With childish rapture ! but came down  
By force, not choice, which sav'd the crown !                235  
Th' imperial crown of our salvation,  
The rights and freedom of the nation !  
Oh, had our worthies still been ruling,  
He should not now have thus been fooling !---  
Most injudicious taxes laid !                                    240  
And then, to help them to be paid,  
Bill Brass would *give away our trade !*  
And what's the magic of a name,  
That we should yield our wealth and fame

To this proud, ign'rant, puppy dog, 245  
 Because his Sire was a fly 'rogue;  
 But had some reputation gain'd  
 For fawning, growling, when enchain'd? 250  
 Fawning, his fellow curs did hate it,  
 The master, when he growl'd, did fret it:  
 Nay, once great G----e he did so shock,  
*He vow'd he'd lay his head on block;*  
*And ne'er more Britain's sceptre wield,*  
*E'er to Old Brass's terms he'd yield!*  
 But now this master of each dog, 255  
 By Bill made pow'rful as King Log,  
 Cries, " no such dogs so good as these are!  
 " And great! *for both have been my CÆSAR!*"  
 Britannia's met with many bilks  
 From his Sire Cheat'em, down to Wilks: 260  
 Did not the former loudly bellow  
 'Gainst German troops, like Patriot fellow;

blo

F

That

That they brought ruin and disgrace !—  
 Until his barking brought a place ?  
 He bark'd, then, they must be supported, 265  
 And German Princes feed and courted.  
 As for his *puff'd* administration,  
 Which glorious *ruin* gave our nation;  
 'Twas mostly's Predecessor's plot,  
 And Chieftains spurr'd by Byng's fell shot, 270  
 To do with spirit brave their duty,  
 Who deck'd Britannia out a beauty;  
 But like frail beauties of the Strand,  
 All show---no purse could she command.  
 Indeed she handled well her fist !  
 And John Bull, stripp'd, thought himself blest !  
 For John is fond to see her fight,  
 For love !---or fame !---or wrong !---or right !  
 'Tis all one to our own John Bull,  
 So that she gets a belly full.

Old Brass, skill'd in tergiversation, 280

As he was in a fine oration,

Our Colonies he nobly cherish'd

To that rebellion, where they perish'd!

Living a state, but lost as friends, 285

For Old Bill's own fly crafty ends.

While swearing those deserv'd the axe

Who'er America durst tax;

And show'ring ills of gout and cramp

On them who'd force a single stamp, 290

He vow'd, e'er one made her a hob-nail,

Unless it went by British job-mail,

Oft vulgarly yclept a pacquet,

And made at home, *he'd pawn his jacket*:

But e'er from us she'd dare to flirt, 295

To conquer her, *he'd sell his shirt*!

Thus breathing glaring contradiction,

Which is a Billy-Braftic fiction:

10 Tho'

Tho' some may praise her benefactor,  
 The foe of tax and manufacture; 300  
 For if a nail she durst not make,  
 What tax from her could we e'er take?  
 He'd prey upon her like a vulture!  
 Allow her only agriculture!  
 As Roman freemen, ancient knaves,  
 Kept all their fellow-subjects slaves,  
 So would old Billy-Brafs ne'er free  
 America to Liberty.  
 As for the shirtleſs bawling rout  
 He made about her---*he was out!* 310  
 And, to secure the K---- in's clutches,  
 Who does not know he'd come on crutches?  
 Wrap goutleſs limbs in swaths of flannel,  
 To melt the Peers or Commons pannel!  
 Thus Billy-Brafs, known father's forte 315  
 At shamming lameneſs, made a sport

Of

Of Fox's sprain'd tendon Achilles,  
 But not a sneer was seen but Billy's;  
 Who fear'd and felt with perturbation,  
*Fox, the Achilles of the Nation!* 320  
 By knowing he was stout as steel,  
 Tho' vulnerable by the heel:  
 That when he chose to take a nap,  
 'Twas in his mother Thetis' lap,  
 Where he would dream of her fair isle, 325  
 And ev'n in sleep, gain means to foil!  
 Then deep, dull D----as, fly did speak,  
 " Be you his Paris! ---I'll ne'er squeak!  
 " You know me well---I'll ne'er betray  
 " A minister who's got the sway! --- } 330  
 " I am a second C---l W---y! --- }  
 " When that I see one tumbling down,  
 " Then I'll, for self, cling to the crown!  
 " You cannot blame me to speak bold,  
 " I'm, like my country, bought and sold, 335

" Who, to keep ever blithe and frisky,  
 " I've tax'd her stills, to *cheapen whiskey* ;  
 " And, to make all her *holy weavers*  
 " Live on the wind, like true believers,  
 " Who care not for the worldly crumbs,  
 " I've tax'd their work, to cleanse their gums,  
 " Before I send them far from *heme*,  
 " Praying for New Jerusalem !  
 " A sect of *starv'd-gut-Grumbletonians* !  
 " Ventriloquisted Caledonians." 340  
 " Ventriloquisted Caledonians." 345

To keep *Britannia* queen o'th' sea,  
 Brafs thrones her on *smouch* and *musty tea* ;  
 Instead of seating her on wool,  
 On which she's prov'd a weak dull fool.  
 Her *shield's* to be a *Chinese tureen*, 350  
 The most invuln'rable e'er was seen ;  
 Whereon, in many patchings, pastings,  
 From *fiction* drawn, the *Battle of Hastings*,

In  
part II.

In *base relief*, by Major S---t,  
 The *Swiss* of India's *Despot.* 355  
 Then garnish'd round, like dace and tench,  
 The *brainless Bramins* of *that Bench*,  
 Lolling in conscious deep Divan !  
 So deep ! it can't be plumm'd by man !  
 For fear their secrets they may squeak, 360  
*They'ven't brains to think ! nor tongues to speak !*  
 Her robe's to be an India shawl,  
 Dipp'd in D---as blood, and Th---w gall :  
 Like Neffus' garment red with gore,  
 Which the great Herc'les dying wore ; 365  
 'Twill only kill, when she's untrue,  
 By striking sympathetic thro' !  
 'Stead of a Lion, a *dead sheep*,  
 At her feet, while she is fast asleep :  
 On *useless wool* she then may tread, 370  
 And lions are needless to be fed.

Her

Her heavy *Cap* be giv'n to W-v-l,  
 To W--ks, or Sh--b--ne, or the Devil;  
 For they've all try'd to puke it full  
 Of fiery froth, to swell her skull. 375  
 To keep Britannia free from vapour,  
 She'll get some light, thin India paper,  
 From Lead'n-hall kings, and lin'd with lead,  
 From Preston's chests, to cool her head;  
 Full emblematic of her true state, 380  
 As her *stone cap* o'er door of Newgate \*;  
 Which shews that *all are free without*,  
 And of the *inside there's no doubt*.  
 Instead of *th'* ever-green old laurel,  
 That soild her brow in ev'ry quarrel, 385  
 Her Sister, *Shilah*, Patrick's wife,  
 Will crown her (for their mutual strife,

\* The *Cap of Liberty* is over the Felon's front of Newgate!

And

And force both furiously to grapple !)  
 With stems of best *potatoe apple*,  
 Torn up from Shilah, by the fword,  
 As *useless now!*---while th' *Olive O---d*, 390  
 Who has the *skill of bringing peace*,  
*By making mutual int'rest cease!*  
 Shall place Britannia high on fame,  
 In blushing rage ! in burning shame ! 395  
 For, as superior gains more honour,  
 The less stiff pride she takes upon her,  
 And to inferiors gives way ;---  
 So, Billy-Brafs, such mode t'obey,  
 Shall first *give Shilah Britain's wants*, 400  
 Then tell her, she *must yield his grants*!  
 As *unconsulted*, but *deflow'r'd*,  
*The more she's rais'd, when more she's low'r'd!*  
 And don't it shew a *Patriot bright*,  
*To give up all that's not his right?* 405

As Britain's *food* he'll *not detain*,  
 Her *body*, *sure*, he'll *give a main*?  
 A *Reform*, then, Shilah *may not ask*,  
 And Billy-Brafs *preserve his mask*!  
 Her *canopy* be *India's Charter*, 410  
 By which her *wealth*, *not fame* we barter!  
 For while't exists, she'll be *o'ershaded*!  
*Her crimson'd fame unting'd!* *unfaded*!  
 And, if she don't enjoy great wealth,  
 Be bleſſ'd much more by *ruddy health*! 415  
 For what is riches without fame?  
 Like H----gs, but a horrid name!  
 As for our *Magna Charta*, slain,  
 Not on Runnymede, but *Stephen's plain*!  
 By *India's Carta pessima*, 420  
 Which soon shall poison freedom, law!  
 And, like the *patent* of a *quack*,  
 Shall throw Britannia on her back!

Force her to bleed at ev'ry pore !  
 And mortify, not heal each sore ! 425  
 These shall be fung in second part,  
 Dissected ev'ry villain's heart !

What is *a Charter* to mankind,  
 If it don't free, but basely bind ?  
*A vile monopolizing patent,* 430  
 Impregnated with evils latent !  
 Like our monopolies of old,  
 When ev'ry trade was grasp'd by gold !  
 For both in James and Charles's reign,  
 Commerce, confin'd, toil'd then in vain ! 435  
 Whene'er these Monarchs money wanted,  
 To starve the poor, more patents granted !  
 Not industry, but longest purse,  
 And Combination, free trade's curse,  
 Rul'd, by monopoly, the isle,--- 440  
 While *Charter'd drones* did all beguile !

*A Charter!* If that Charter guarded  
 Our Liberty! or Worth rewarded!  
 If it secur'd the Constitution,  
 Like John's Great Charter, from pollution! 445  
 If ev'n the poorest Corporation,  
 Or yet more poor Association,  
 The Box-Club of the low mechanic,  
 By it was freed from grasp tyrannic!  
 Then curs'd be those that would destroy  
 That pure palladium of our joy! 450  
*But what's the Charter of the East?*  
 A Monopoly for Rapine's feast!  
 A Patent dire, to kill and rob!  
 Britain's disgrace, and T---ple's Job! 455  
 T---ple! now fav'rite B---k---gham!  
 That name two Kings did almost damn!  
 On one, vile Villiers turn'd his back!  
 And 't other drove yond life's last rack!

Then,

Then, sure, it is a title fit

460

For *Back-stairs* knave, or eke a wit?

THE INDIA CHARTER! *Blood's best Banner!*

Bellona's whip! Medea's manner!

'Tis a misnomer of a kydney

With T---my T---nsh--d, *titled---SYDNEY!*

465

It was the people's late dark error!

Then Slavery shone in Freedom's terror!

And now our hero, *Braffy-Billy,*

The *cat's-paw* of a *junto* *filly,*

Knowing ALL BRITAIN'S TRADE can't be

470

*Grasp'd by the India Company,*

*The rest GIVES IRELAND! ---Patriot thought!*

And all our toil reduc'd to nought!

But more in future we'll sing truly;

*Rouze all from Land's End to bleak Thulé!*

475

F I N I S.

[ Q. ]

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